

John McCutcheon



LIVE  
AT WOLF TRAP



# John McCutcheon

## Live at Wolf Trap

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4. Black Sea 3:00
5. Old Brown's Head Light 4:24
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15. The Water Is Wide 4:50

Produced by Paul Reisler & John McCutcheon.



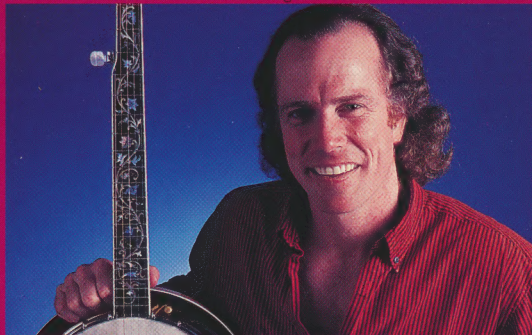
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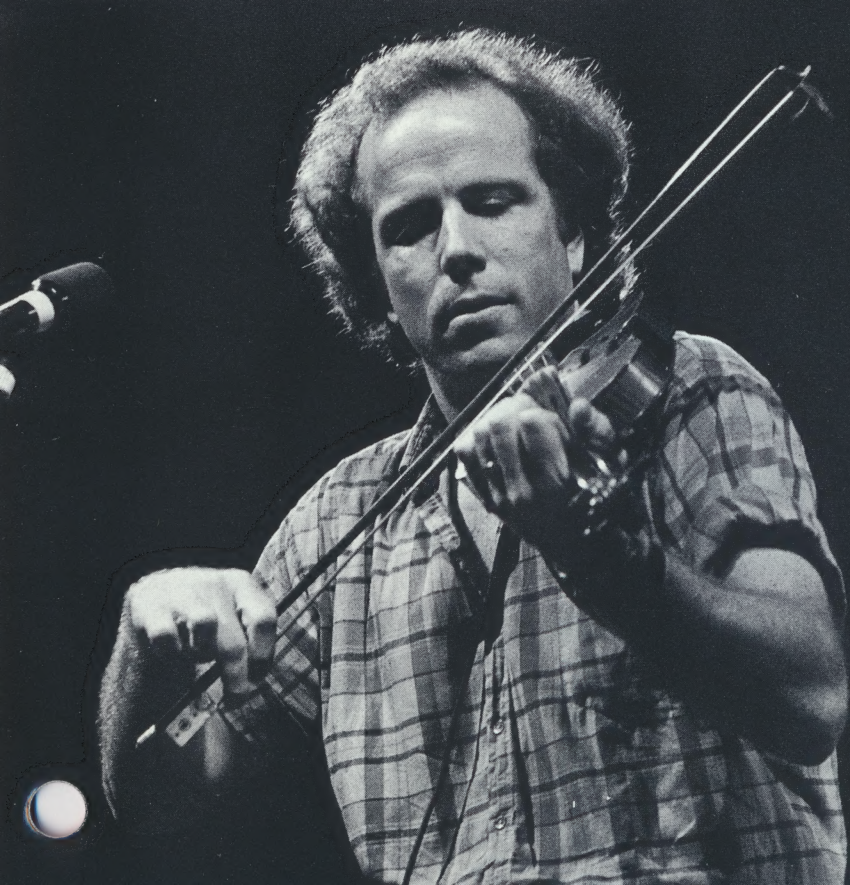


Finally, a live recording of one of American folk music's most sought-after concert performers. On this recording, John McCutcheon avoids standard fare and serves up eight brand new songs, and a host of never before recorded favorites. Guest musicians include Tom Chapin and others.

"John McCutcheon is not only one of the best musicians in the U.S., but a great singer, songwriter, and songleader. And not just incidentally, he is committed to helping hard working people everywhere to organize and push this world in a better direction."

—Pere Seeger





## CALLING ALL THE CHILDREN HOME

words & music by John McCutcheon

Written as a gift to my brothers & sisters Christmas 1990, the first part is how my Mother used to call us in at night...

*John: vocal & guitar*

*Tom Chapin: vocals & second guitar*

"John, Mary Claire, Lulu, Jeanie  
Kevin, Jeff, Patty, Nancy, Rob"

Shadows growing longer, light's a-growing dim  
Supper's on the table everybody come in  
I've been playing at the river and I'm tired to the bone  
She's calling all the children home

*Chorus:*

Home to the table and the big, blackpot  
Everybody's got enough, 'though we ain't got a lot  
No one is forgotten, no one is alone  
When she's calling all the children home

Everybody's sittin' in everybody's place  
With their fresh-scrubbed fingers and their fresh-  
scrubbed face  
It's quiet just a minute while sister says a grace  
Like she's calling all the children home *Chorus*

*Bridge:*

I could hear her voice in the middle of a crowd  
It was never too late and it was never too loud  
Smelled just like home by the time we hit the  
door  
There was always just enough but there was  
always room for more

So, out in the desert, down by the sea  
Hear the voice calling "Allee, allee in free!"  
From the city to the forest where the wild beasts  
roam  
We are calling all the children home

*Last Chorus:*

Home to the table, home to the feast  
Where the last are first and the greatest are the  
least  
Where the rich will envy what the poor have got  
Everybody's got enough, 'though we ain't got a lot  
No one is forgotten, no one is alone  
When we're calling all the children home

Home to the table and the big, black pot  
Everybody's got enough, 'though we ain't got a lot  
No one is forgotten, no one is alone  
From the shacks of Soweto to the ice of Nome  
From Baghdad City to the streets of Rome  
We're calling all the children home

"Isabelle, Moishe, Mikael, Kim  
Sipho, Mohammed, Red Hawk, Tim"

*Charlottesville, VA October, 1990.*

**THE HOURS AFTER/LONESOME JOHN/REEL A BOUCHE/LEATHER BRITCHES**

music on "The Hours After " by John McCutcheon/all others traditional

The first was written in Washington one Thanksgiving weekend. "Lonesome John" comes from Scott Boatright, a wonderful banjo player from Fort Blackmore, VA. "Reel" is a French Canadian mouth music piece. And the final tune is an old warhorse played at most any square dance you might go to around home.

*John: hammer dulcimer*

**STOLE AND SOLD FROM AFRICA**

traditional

I learned this amazing song from a most amazing singer, Addie Graham. She was the grandmother of my old pal, Rich Kirby, and in the heyday of a band Rich and I had we used to visit with Addie at her home in Cynthiana, KY. The song appears in abolitionist journals of the 19th century, though Addie claims to have learned it from black singers in her youth.

*John: vocals*

We're stole and sold from Africa  
Transported to America  
Like hogs and sheep we march in drove  
Suffer the heat, endure the cold

We're almost naked, as you see  
Almost bare-footed as we be  
Suffer the lash, endure the pain  
Exposed to sun, both wind and rain

See how they take us from our wives  
Young children from their mother's side  
They take us to some foreign land  
Make slaves to wait on gentlemen

Oh Lord, have mercy and look down  
Upon the race of the African kind  
Upon our knees pour out our grief  
And pray to God for some relief

**BLACK SEA**

words & music by John McCutcheon

Over the years I've come to know and love a little fishing town, Cordova, on Prince William Sound in Alaska. Following the Exxon Valdez disaster I was asked by my friends in the Cordova District Fishermen United, the fishing union up there, to come up for a regional/community event they were planning, Prince William Sound Day. Being as I have a reputation as writing sympathetic songs about major multi-national corporations I figured maybe I was just the guy to help everyone think about this whole affair a little more compassionately...

*John: vocal & guitar*

Now, friends, I know you read about it in the papers  
Or perhaps you saw the pictures on TV  
How the tanker cracked and the sea turned black

But it's time for some compassion, don't you see  
Hell, the shipping lane was only 10 miles wide  
You fishermen, you ought to understand  
And when the captain asked for "one on the rocks"  
Well, the third mate followed his command

And we'll change the name to "The Black Sea"  
We'll make it all a tourist spot  
And when we're done we'll give it back to the  
people of Alaska

Just to show what man hath wrought  
And we'll pass along the cost to the ones who've  
lost

'Cause you know it's the American Way  
Erect a neon sign for the rest of time:  
"Brought to you by Exxon-USA"

Now the government, it was quick on its feet  
No, they didn't leave a single thing to chance  
But when it came to pressuring a corporate giant  
Don't you know they did a brand new dance  
"I know you got your birds and your mammals and  
your fishing and your families  
So I hope you'll understand the brief delay"  
But you can bet if this had happened off of  
Kennebunkport  
They'd have cleaned it up the very same day

And we could call it "Spill of Fortune"  
Maybe you could buy a fowl  
Exxon pulls the strings and the government sings  
Throws up its hand and throws in the towel  
And if we can get the clearance a special  
appearance  
Is scheduled by the IRS  
With a mop and a rake and a big tax break  
'Cause they're used to working in an awful mess

Now I don't claim to have any answers  
But you know that I've got questions by the score  
Like, who has the power and who has the name  
Who has the right and who has the blame  
And who has the lawyers and who has the tax  
breaks  
Who has the damage control  
Who has the home and who has the future  
Who has the troubled soul?

So you can skim the oil as you skim the profits  
But you'll only skim the surface of the crime  
And when you drive to the pump watch the gas price  
jump  
And I think you'll understand it all in time  
Why up in the land of the midnight sun  
You know, we're really in an awful fix  
Seems corporate profits and the public good  
Like oil and water, don't mix

And we could call it "I've Got a Secret"  
And everyone could guess what's being done  
Or maybe we could call it "To Tell the Truth"  
Now wouldn't that be a lot of fun?  
But it's more like "Good Morning America"  
And everyone is waking up to find  
That feather and fin and fur and skin  
We're all judged by the bottom line  
But, side by side, we're gonna turn that tide  
'Cause there ain't gonna be a second time

*flying into Cordova, AK, 1989*

## THE OLD BROWN'S HEAD LIGHT

words & music by John McCutcheon

A story from a downeaster newspaper about the closing of one of the last family-operated lighthouse on the Maine coast...

John: *vocal & guitar*

Bob: *soprano sax*

He sat at the table his eyes rimmed in red  
Sayin', "Lucy, come see what the paper here said  
We knew it was coming tho' it still don't seem right  
They're taking the old Brown's Head Light"

"And what about Charlie, what will he do  
When computers perform the one job that he knew  
It's back to the big ships to forage the sound  
With the wife and the kids at some new place in  
town"

It's many a lost soul he's seen safely home  
And many a loved one he's brought to their own  
A voice in the darkness, a star in the night  
A wish for good luck from the old Brown's Head  
Light

Well, it was Boon Island, Saddleback, Egg Rock, Dice  
Head  
Every year one more wired or left there for dead  
And it's one more old-timer washed up on the shore  
As they give you a gold watch and they show you the  
door

It's many a lost soul he's seen safely home  
And many a loved one he's brought to their own

A voice in the darkness, a star in the night  
A wish for good luck from the old Brown's Head  
Light

Well, you can call me old fashioned and I guess that  
it's true  
I just ain't learned to change quick as other folks do  
But it's the same thing all over, and what I fear most  
Is that, Lucy, you know, we're the next light up coast

It's many a lost soul I've seen safely home  
And many a loved one I've brought to their own  
A voice in the darkness, a star in the night  
A wish for good luck from my home in the light

He sat at the table his eyes rimmed in red  
Sayin', "Lucy, come see what the paper here said  
We knew it was coming tho' it still don't seem right  
It's so hard to believe, but it's in black and white  
They're taking the old Brown's Head Light  
Oh, they're taking the old Brown's Head Light"

*Victoria Beach, N.S.*

## JOE HILL

words by Alfred Hayes, music by Earl Robinson

John: *vocal & guitar*

I dreamed I saw Joe Hill last night  
Alive as you and me  
Says I, "But Joe, you're ten years dead"  
"I never died," says he (2x)

"The copper bosses killed you, Joe  
They shot you, Joe," says I

"Takes more than guns to kill a man"  
Says Joe, "I didn't die"

Standing there as big as life  
And smiling with his eyes  
Joe says, "What they could never kill  
Went on to organize!"

"From San Diego, up to Maine  
In every mine and mill  
When workers fight and organize  
It's there you'll find Joe Hill"  
I dreamed I saw Joe Hill last night  
Alive as you and me  
Says I, "But Joe, you're ten years dead"  
"I never died," says he (2x)

## GOING, GOING, GONE

words & music by Si Kahn

John: *vocal & banjo*

Oh, the scene was so familiar with farmers all around  
The auctioneer was standing there, he brought his  
hammer down  
But when they started bidding the crowd let out a  
roar  
For they heard something on that day they'd never  
heard before

Chorus:

What am I bid for the White House? Come on,  
boys, don't be slow  
They've overspent their credit so they'll just have  
to go  
If they can't learn to manage it's time they're

moving on  
The leaders of this country are going, going gone!

Come on, let's start the bidding with that Congress  
on the hill  
They're awful fond of spending, they just don't pay  
the bills  
But with a little honest work we'll make them good  
as new  
I hear they're handy on the farm if you show 'em  
what to do  
Chorus

Then the crowd grew silent you could hear a needle  
drop  
They motioned up the White House and put it on  
the block  
But no one bid a nickel, they just stared so hard and  
cold  
'Cause you can't bid on something that's already  
bought and sold  
Chorus

And when the sale was over I sure did thank my luck  
I paid for both my senators and loaded 'em on the  
truck  
Now one has gone to milking and the other's gone  
to seed  
By wintertime they'll understand just what the  
farmers need  
Chorus

Sold American!

## HIGH HEARTS

words & music by John McCutcheon

*John: vocal & piano*

*Bob: sax*

*Pete: bass*

Slipping into the old school  
Feeling anything but young  
Take a beer and a nametag  
Why the hell did I come?  
Admire the dog-eared photos  
Struggle with the name of an old friend's wife  
'Til all at once she stood in the doorway:  
The sixteen year old love of my life

All those exiled memories  
I thumbed through page after page  
Each one trapped in the harness  
Of that perilous age  
I watched her from the distance  
Of family and crowd  
But I offered no resistance  
When she called me out loud

*Chorus:*

High hearts and false starts  
Again and again  
(Now it's) Fast rides and long strides  
Ever since then, and I'm wondering when  
Everything got so crazy  
But things are never the same  
I guess I didn't know nothing  
Till I knew love's name

High hearts beating fast  
And the dancing is slow

Bodies not nearly so clumsy  
As twenty years ago  
There's just so much to tell you  
That there's nothing to say  
I guess the time, just like the chances  
Have all slipped away

High hearts and false starts  
Again and again  
(Now it's) Fast rides and long strides  
Ever since then, and I'm wondering when  
My mind got so hazy  
How could I ever explain  
That I just didn't know nothing  
Till I knew love's name

How does he find me?  
That boy I knew when I was young  
He's always there to remind me  
Playing at the edge of my memory  
Dancing on the tip of my tongue

Now this old house is darkened  
'Cept for a single lamp's glow  
Wrapped tight in the night  
Here at the piano  
Breathing slow in the cradle  
My wife's face soft in the moon  
As she rocks me to the rhythm of the night  
With the words of love's tune

High hearts and false starts  
Again and again  
(Now it's) Fast rides and long strides  
Ever since then, and I'm wondering when  
I won't be so lazy  
And I'll shoulder the blame

For not knowing nothing  
Till I knew love's name (Darling, won't you  
explain)  
When I won't feel so crazy  
As I struggle to tame  
All these demons that haunt me  
Now that I know love's name

*Charlottesville, VA October, 1990*

## CUT THE CAKE

words & music by Tina Liza Jones

*John: vocal & guitar*

*Bob: clarinet*

We're gonna let 2nd grade out early today  
Which made little Mikey kinda blue  
He just turned 7 years old that day  
And he thought he'd get a party at school  
He walked back home and he's taken off his guard  
There's chairs and tables all over the yard  
And his friends jumped up and they hollered real  
hard,  
"Happy Birthday to You!"

*Chorus:*

It makes me think of the good old days  
Happy birthday to you  
You sure grew out of your baby ways  
Happy birthday to you  
(7th 23rd, 92nd) birthday we wish you many  
more  
Health and wealth and friends by the score  
Cut the cake and let's eat some more  
Happy birthday to you

Now Mike's 22 and he's working for his Pop  
And his head's full of business thru and thru  
He was planning out a whole new system at the shop  
And he forgot he had a birthday due  
He drove back home and he's taken off his guard  
There's chairs and tables all over the yard  
And his friends jumped up and they hollered real  
hard,  
"Happy Birthday to You!"  
*Chorus*

Now it's old man Michael in a rocking chair  
Admiring the view  
He's still got all his teeth and he's still got all his hair  
And today he's 92  
He turns in his seat and he's taken off his guard  
There's chairs and tables all over the yard  
And his friends jumped up and they hollered real  
hard,  
"Happy Birthday to You!"  
*Chorus*

## REASONS TO BELIEVE

(1st: by Tim Hardin/2nd: by Bruce Springsteen)

In the first of many joint concerts Tom Chapin & I  
have done together we were throwing out song  
possibilities and Tom said, "How 'bout 'Reason to  
Believe?'" "Great!" I responded, "It's one of my  
favorites!" And we promptly began to sing two  
totally different songs. And found that they  
harmonized...

*John: vocal & guitar*

*Tom Chapin: vocal & guitar*

If I listened long enough to you  
I'd find a way to believe that it's all true  
Knowing that you lied straight-faced while I cried  
Still I look to find a reason to believe

If I gave you time to change my mind  
I'd find a way to leave the past behind  
Knowing that you lied straight-faced while I cried  
Still I look to find a reason to believe

Someone like you makes it hard to live without  
somebody else  
Someone like you makes it easy to give, never  
thinking of myself

Seen a man sittin' by a dead dog in a highway in a  
ditch  
He's lookin' kind of puzzled, pokin' that dog with a  
stick  
He's got his car door flung open, standin' out on  
Highway 31  
Like if he stood there long enough that's old dog'd  
get up and run

Well, don't you think it's kind of funny  
It's kind of funny, sir, to me  
How at the end of every hard-earned day people  
find some reason to believe

Mary Lou loved Johnny with a love mean and true  
Said, "I'll work for you everyday, bring all my money  
home to you"  
One day he up and left her and ever since that  
She sits at the end of that dirt road just waitin' for  
young Johnny to come back

Well, don't you think it's kind of funny  
It's kind of funny, sir, to me  
How at the end of every hard-earned day people  
find some reason to believe

Take the baby to the river, Kyle William they called  
him  
Dip the baby in the water, gonna wash away little  
Kyle's sins  
In a whitewashed shotgun shack an old man passes  
away  
Take his body to the graveyard and over him they  
pray

Sayin' "Lord, won't you tell us,  
Tell us what does it mean?"  
Still at the end of every hard earned day people  
find some reason to believe

### WHERE WERE YOU WHEN

words & music by John McCutcheon

Inspired by a bedtime conversation with my youngest  
son, Peter, during the first days of the Persian Gulf  
War.

*John: vocal & hammer dulcimer*  
*Gregory: piano*

Just a simple question all tucked in for the night  
Standing in the doorway, hand upon the light  
Just tell me one more story, one you swear is true  
Tell me what you did back when, tell me what to do  
Where were you when  
Where were you when

Tell me did you feel like me, small and weak and  
scared  
Tell me is it really true: were you unprepared?  
Tell me how we got to here, how you made the plan  
Tell me all about yourself, tell me who I am  
Where were you when  
Where were you when

The pen is in your hand  
Your mind sharp like a quill  
All the earth is moving  
But time is standing still  
Everything is waiting  
For you to make a move  
There's everything to gamble  
And nothing left to prove

In another bedroom door, in another time  
A face that looked a lot like his looked to a face like  
mine  
Naked in the question, frozen in the light  
On the edge of mystery, on the edge of flight  
Step out of the history, step into the light  
Where were you when  
Where were you when

*Charlottesville, VA February 1991*

### YESTERDAY'S FOOLS

words & music by John McCutcheon

My friend, Bob Feldman, head honcho at Red House  
Records, told me a story one wintery Philadelphia  
night about a town in western Kentucky where the  
farmers all retire at a prescribed age and spend their

later years getting underfoot downtown telling  
everyone else how to farm...

*John: vocal & fiddle*  
*Pete: guitar*

"Look at yonder there how his furrow's too deep  
He'll never raise a crop on land that steep  
Rain's a-coming soon, I can feel it in my knee  
It'll wash out all he's doing, you just wait and see"  
Yesterday's fools now the works all done  
Talkin' 'bout the others in the noonday sun  
Just sittin' and a-spittin' and a-laughin' out loud  
They're the armchair farmers and the feedstore  
crowd

He wipes his face with the back of his hand  
As he turns around to look at the fresh-plowed land  
And he wonders how he'll finish 'fore the storm rolls  
in  
And how his Daddy ever managed in the days 'fore  
him  
Back when times were better than a man could save  
Now it's slaving from the cradle till they lay you in the  
grave  
Either way the earth is gonna get the best of you  
At least that's what they say down at the feed store  
crowd

Caps settin' on pegs all along the wall  
The white heads a-bobbin' 'round the old pool  
hall  
A place they never knew in their younger days  
And a game that they never had the time to play  
Still they're up at four because it's all they know  
And at noon they're a-listenin' to the radio

Just bitchin' at the prices of what they ain't growed  
And whisperin' a prayer for the one across the  
road

Well, it's just a few more years of the sweat and stench  
Till I take my place on that old worn bench  
Till I start in a-lyin' 'bout the things I done  
And actin' like I know more 'n anyone  
Yesterday's fools now the works all done  
Talkin' 'bout the others in the noonday sun  
Just sittin' and a-spittin' and a-laughin' out loud  
They're the armchair farmers and the feedstore crowd

*Flying into Seattle, WA January 1990*

### CHRISTMAS IN THE TRENCHES

words & music by John McCutcheon  
Inspired by a back-stage conversation with an old  
woman in Birmingham, AL, this song tells a story that is  
not only true, but well-known throughout Europe.

*John: vocal & guitar*

My name is Francis Tolliver, I come from Liverpool,  
Two years ago the war was waiting for me after  
school.  
To Belgium and to Flanders to Germany to here  
I fought for King and country I love dear.  
'Twas Christmas in the trenches where the frost so  
bitter hung,  
The frozen fields of France were still, no Christmas  
song was sung,  
Our families back in England were toasting us that day,  
Their brave and glorious lads so far away.

I was lying with my messmate on the cold and rocky  
ground  
When across the lines of battle came a most peculiar  
sound  
Says I, "Now listen up, me boys!" each soldier  
strained to hear  
As one young German voice sang out so clear.  
"He's singing bloody well, you know!" my partner  
says to me  
Soon one by one each German voice joined in in  
harmony  
The cannons rested silent, the gas clouds rolled no  
more  
As Christmas brought us respite from the war.

As soon as they were finished and a reverent pause  
was spent  
"God Rest Ye Merry Gentlemen" struck up some  
lads from Kent  
The next they sang was "Stille Nacht," "Tis 'Silent  
Night,'" says I  
And in two tongues one song filled up that sky.  
"There's someone coming towards us!" the front line  
sentry cried  
All sights were fixed on one lone figure coming from  
their side  
His truce flag, like a Christmas star, shone on that  
plain so bright  
As he bravely strode unarmed into the night.

Soon one by one on either side walked into No  
Man's land  
With neither gun nor bayonet we met there hand to  
hand  
We shared some secret brandy and we wished each  
other well

And in a flare-lit soccer game we gave 'em hell.  
We traded chocolates, cigarettes, and photographs  
from home  
These sons and fathers far away from families of their  
own  
Young Sanders played his squeeze box and they had a  
violin  
This curious and unlikely band of men.

Soon daylight stole upon us and France was France  
once more  
With sad farewells we each began to settle back to  
war  
But the question haunted every heart that lived that  
wondrous night

"Whose family have I fixed within my sights?"  
'Twas Christmas in the trenches, where the frost so  
bitter hung  
The frozen fields of France were warmed as songs of  
peace were sung  
For the walls they'd kept between us to exact the  
work of war  
Had been crumbled and were gone for evermore.

My name is Francis Tolliver, in Liverpool I dwell  
Each Christmas come since World War I I've learned  
its lessons well  
That the ones who call the shots won't be among the  
dead and lame  
And on each end of the rifle we're the same.

*Birmingham, AL & Gate City, VA May, 1984.*

### COPPER RIVER BOUNCE/MONEY MUSK

music by John McCutcheon/traditional

The first of these two tunes was written on a rougher-  
than-usual plane ride coming into the Copper River  
Delta near Cordova, AK. The second was learned  
from Paul Van Arsdale, my dulcimer guru, from North  
Tonawanda, NY. Paul learned the piece from his  
grandfather (his dulcimer guru), Jesse Martin. Money  
Musk is played to a popular country dance of the  
same name.

*John: hammer dulcimer*

*Paul: guitar*

### THE WATER IS WIDE

traditional

*John: vocal & guitar*

The water is wide, I cannot get o'er  
And neither have I wings to fly  
Give me a boat that can carry two  
And both shall row, my love and I

A ship there is and she sails the sea  
She's loaded deep as deep can be  
But not so deep as this love I'm in  
I know not how I sink or swim

I leaned my back against an oak  
Thinking it was a trusty tree  
But first it bent and then it broke  
And thus did my false love to me



Oh, love is gentle and love is kind  
The sweetest flower when first it's new  
But love grows old and it waxes cold  
And fades away like the summer's dew

The water is wide, I cannot get o'er  
And neither have I wings to fly  
Give me a boat that can carry two  
And both shall row, my love and I

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Joan Robertson, Tracy Siani, Carol Elizabeth Jones,  
David Sawyer, Tom Slothower, & George Balderose.  
Oh yeah, Pedrito & the Willard, too!

**For other John McCutcheon recordings, song-  
books, and mailing list information contact:**

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804-977-6321**

Also available by John McCutcheon:  
*Winter Solstice* (Rounder 0192)  
*Step by Step* (Rounder 0216)  
*Gonna Rise Again* (Rounder 0222)  
*What It's Like* (Rounder 0271)  
*Howjadoo!* (Rounder 8009)  
*Mail Myself To You* (Rounder 8016)  
*Water From Another Time* (Rounder 11555)  
John McCutcheon & Si Kahn: *Signs of the Times*  
(Rounder 4017)

# John McCutcheon

## Live at Wolf Trap

1. **Calling All the Children Home**  
(John McCutcheon/Appalsongs, ASCAP) 3:22
2. **The Hours After/Lonesome John /Reel a Bouche /Leather Britches** (John McCutcheon /Appalsongs, ASCAP)/(trad. arr. by John McCutcheon/Appalsongs, ASCAP) 6:37
3. **Stole & Sold from Africa**  
(trad. arr. by John McCutcheon/Appalsongs, ASCAP) 2:18
4. **Black Sea**  
(John McCutcheon/Appalsongs, ASCAP) 3:00
5. **Old Brown's Head Light**  
(John McCutcheon/Appalsongs, ASCAP) 4:24
6. **Joe Hill**  
(Earl Robinson & Alfred Hayes/Leeds Music Corp.) 7:23
7. **Going, Going, Gone**  
(Si Kahn/Joe Hill Music, ASCAP) 2:33
8. **High Hearts**  
(John McCutcheon/Appalsongs, ASCAP) 5:25
9. **Cut the Cake**  
(Tina Liza Jones/Swan & Quill Music, BMI) 6:27
10. **Reasons to Believe**  
(Tim Hardin/Alley Music Corp. and Trio Music Co., Inc./BMI & Bruce Springsteen/Bruce Springsteen Music, ASCAP) 5:03
11. **Where Were You When**  
(John McCutcheon/Appalsongs, ASCAP) 3:38
12. **Yesterday's Fools**  
(John McCutcheon/Appalsongs, ASCAP) 3:26
13. **Christmas in the Trenches**  
(John McCutcheon/Appalsongs, ASCAP) 6:52

14. **Copper River Bounce/Money Musk**  
(John McCutcheon/Appalsongs, ASCAP) /(trad. arr. by John McCutcheon/Appalsongs, ASCAP) 2:38
15. **The Water Is Wide**  
(trad. arr. by John McCutcheon/Appalsongs, ASCAP) 4:50

**Produced by Paul Reisler & John McCutcheon.**

Recorded November 1990 & May 1991 at the Barns of Wolf Trap, Vienna, VA by Bill McElroy in the Gypsy Studios remote truck.

Assistant engineering by Mike Rivers & Bob Read.

Mixed at Bias Recording, Springfield, VA.

Photography by Charles Shoffner.

Design by Jean Wilcox

### Musicians

John McCutcheon: *vocals, guitar, banjo, fiddle, hammer dulcimer, & piano*

Tom Chapin: *vocals & guitar*

Paul Reisler: *guitar*

Gregory Gladkov: *piano*

Pete Kennedy: *guitar & bass*

Bob Read: *saxophones & clarinet*

Paul Reisler and Bob Read appear courtesy of Trapezoid and Narada Productions



**John McCutcheon**  
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